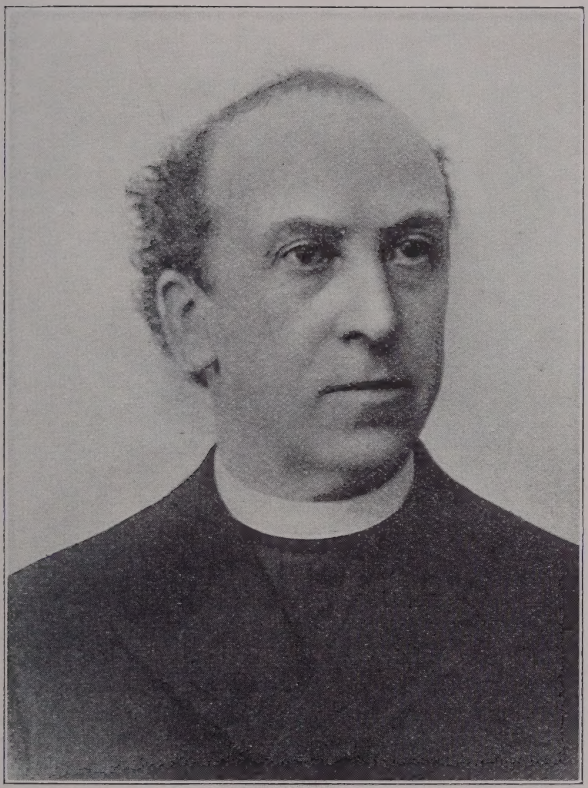
A Memorial
Reverend Hugh McGuire

"IN all his works he gave thanks to the Holy One and to the Most High with words of glory. With his whole heart he praised the Lord and loved God that made him"—Ecclesiasticus xlvii, 9-10.



REVEREND HUGH McGUIRE
1911

Reverend Hugh McGuire

A MEMORIAL

When came the awful message, "He is dead,"
Sharp through our being throbbed more keen a pain
Than sabre thrust can make. We sought in vain
To ease the wound heart-hidden as it bled.
"Wait! Time will heal your wounds," fond friends said.
'Tis false. Succeeding dawns but make more plain
How blank must be the days that yet remain;
How low will droop the heart on sorrow fed.

Death's sable smoke had merged all in one gloom.
Now from the blackness of that first despair,
As days drag on, high peaks of sorrow loom.
O'er plains that once were bright with sunlight rare
Whereon in joy we paced, fierce storm winds sweep:
A wordless woe benumbs. What gain to weep?

Preface

This little memorial of one who was ever unwilling to be in the public eye, who never sought, nay, who avoided praise, is written not to glorify him, but simply in the hope that the influence of his pure, unselfish life may encourage to nobler efforts his children for whom he spent himself and was spent during forty years of priestly ministration.

It is written at the suggestion of the Rev. Hugh McGuire Memorial Association for the people of St. James' parish who revere his name, cherish his memory and mourn his loss in unpretentious sorrow.

It is for the hands of his friends and the eyes of his admirers; for those to whom he gave his life and who responded generously to his every wish. It is a tribute of love, and may it evoke from its readers continual prayers for his noble, generous soul.

Biography

OF FATHER McGUIRE'S early life one heard but little from himself. Singularly reticent concerning matters purely personal, he rarely allowed himself the luxury of reminiscences. Retrospection was not to his taste. The present hour, with its manifold duties, seemed too important to admit of idle, if pleasant, dwelling on the past.

He was born in picturesque Sligo by the sea March 12, 1846, and grew up in the religious atmosphere of an old Catholic, Irish family, with four brothers and as many sisters. His father and mother belonged to the generation that had the Catholic faith and devotion to its tenets burned into their souls during days of famine, oppression and penal law.

They had heard from their parents of suffering for the Faith; they had listened in awe to many a tale of how spoliation, persecution, starvation and all the tortures which satanic ingenuity could invent had failed to shake the Irish people in their allegiance to the Church and in their devotion to Jesus Christ. They themselves had lived in such times and

passed through such ordeals, and, in their turn, had repeated to their children, gathered around the hearth on a winter night, that same story of injustice defeated by love, of persecution mocked with constancy, and of torture crowned by heroic martyrdom. That story, told in simplicity and without bitterness, must have thrilled his soul as it thrilled the soul of every Irish boy and girl, and filled him with the resolve to emulate the deeds of his fathers and to do great things for his outraged Saviour.

Father McGuire's homestead, in the townland of Ardagelly, and the parish of Templeboy, is about half a mile from the seashore, and overlooks the Bay of Sligo and that arm of the Atlantic which stretches out between the coast line of Sligo and Donegal. From the cruckshee-aun or fairy fort back of the house and clear of the planting, the Ox Mountains may be seen rising and undulating from a low plateau of bog to heather clad cliffs, till they circle Sligo town, seventeen miles away and terminate beyond the Bay in the massive sphinx-shaped Ben Bulben.

To the southwest the Holy Hill of St. Patrick lifts its conical head, and below, to the north, past green hedge-rows and lowly thatched cabins, the blue

waters of the Atlantic break with resounding echoes on the white strands of Dunmaden or dash in fury against the rugged cliffs of Aughris' head.

It is a lonesome yet an enchanting spot. The waving of the elms in the gale, the sighing of the sacred hawthorne in the blast, the sobbing of the stream in the garden by the house, fill the day with music and the night with mystery. It is a place where memory loves to dwell, where beauty and enchantment reign, and where nature's very touch gives strength and faith and simplicity to the character of growing youth.

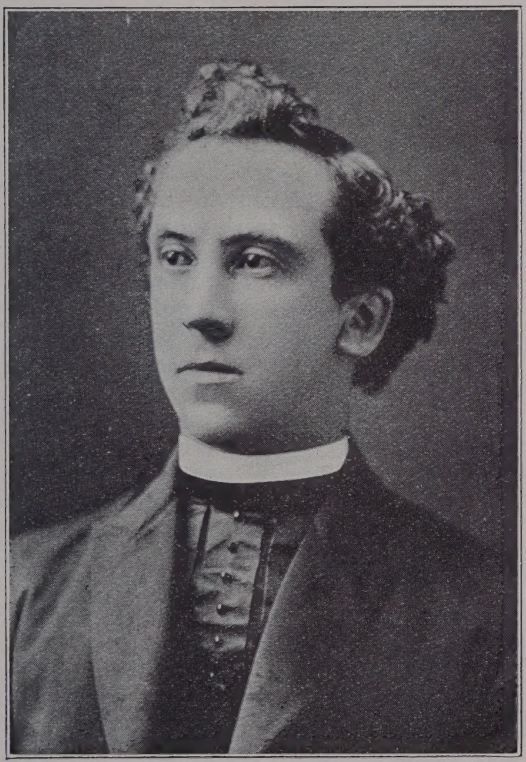
As a boy, Father McGuire attended a private school owned, furnished and tutored by Dan. Killcullen. The location of the building did not offer many possibilities for school purposes; neither did it accommodate a great number of pupils, but it was the best in that part of the country. "Dan," as he was familiarly called, was a teacher of no mean ability, and his pupils, though not numerous, were earnest, studious and the equals of the best in the province. "Dan" taught all the grades and gave some lessons in the Classics to the more advanced pupils. Like many Irish school teachers, he impressed his pupils and merited their respect by the loftiness of his language and

the ease and frequency with which he quoted from the Greek and Latin authors. From him Father McGuire received his first lessons in the Classics.

At the age of fourteen, Father McGuire entered the diocesan college of Ballina, where he continued the work begun with the schoolmaster, and at the age of seventeen had finished his classical course. During those years of study, he was fitting himself for what he felt would be his vocation, and on leaving Ballina, the call of the Holy Spirit, urging him to leave all and follow Christ, rang so persistently in his ears and filled so completely his desires, that he could not but heed and obey it.

His brother, Rev. Patrick McGuire, was then pastor of St. James' Church, Belvidere, Ill., and this determined the young student to select Chicago as the home of his future missionary labors.

A glance at the portrait of the young ecclesiastical student—the frankly open, bright, brown eyes, the winning smile that often broke into a musical laugh, the firmly chiselled lips that parted over even, white teeth, the high forehead and firm chin—reveals the character so symmetrically developed in later years. He was modest, refined, talented, pious; small



REVERLND HUGH McGUIRE
1871

wonder that his professors predicted he would do great things for God.

He was welcomed to Chicago by Rt. Rev. James Duggan and sent to old St. Mary's of the Lake, the university which Rt. Rev. Wm. Quarter, Chicago's first bishop, had built in 1844, the first year of his episcopate. When this university was discontinued in 1867, the eighty lay students were scattered among the neighboring colleges and the twenty-three ecclesiastical students were sent to the *Grande Séminaire* at Montreal.

In the seminary of the Sulpicians on the shores of the St. Lawrence, Father McGuire found what was his ideal of an ecclesiastical institution. Indeed he rather enjoyed, in a true missionary spirit, the primitive methods and hardships at St. Mary's, yet even then, he realized that in the affairs of education, poverty is a serious drawback. With the Sulpicians, however, he found a community so large that every post was easily filled with efficient teachers; so rich, thanks to the grants of the French Kings, that it was not dependent upon the tuitions of its seminarians, and consequently was never forced to compromise in rules or regulations in order to retain its students.

These seminary days in Montreal were the only ones he ever seemed to allow himself to enjoy in the retrospect. He was very fond of recalling the years spent among the dignified, cultured gentlemen of profound learning, deep piety and irreproachable lives who formed the faculty of St. Sulpice.

With all the ardor of enthusiastic youth, he set himself to imitate the example of his saintly professors, who tell us that he was never known to break a rule of the seminary. He was appointed "regulamentarius" and never failed in his duties of office; not a small commendation, when we remember that it meant the ringing of some forty bells a day.

Here he imbibed that love of order and perfect discipline which marked his whole life, that promptitude which characterized the performance of every duty. Never during his forty years in the ministry did he swerve from the habits of his seminary days. The day in his parish house was as regular as those lived in the seminary. He rose, regardless of seasons, at six o'clock, and spent the time until his Mass at eight o'clock in prayer. Each morning when his ordinary Thanksgiving after Mass was finished, he recited the mysteries of the Rosary proper to the day, always adding, as is the Sulpician

custom, an extra decade for the Souls in Purgatory. Everything Sulpician was dear to him because it all tended to glorify God and give Him a reasonable service. There was method, there was order, there was piety in the seminary, and the rule which produced such results he adopted for his life in the priesthood.

Each year he made his three days' Retreat. No matter what the stress of business, even in the first years of his pastorate, when he had no assistant, he retired each year to a religious house, generally a Jesuit College that he might, as he expressed it, put his affairs in order.

Having finished his theological course, he was ordained by Bishop Foley, July ninth, 1871, in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago. On the fifteenth of August he was appointed assistant to Rev. John Waldron, at St. John's, and here the young curate labored with tireless zeal and energy. Even to-day those who knew him at St. John's speak of his influence with the congregation and extol his deeds of heroism and charity.

In February, 1874, Bishop Foley assigned him the prairie district in the southwest end of the Holy Family parish to be organized into a new and separate parish under the patronage of St. Pius. Previous to this, Father Coosemans, S. J.,

had journeyed every Sunday from the Jesuit Church to say Mass for the people scattered through the brickyards and lumber districts of the West Side.

Those pioneer days after the Chicago fire were surely the days that "tried men's souls." Chicago had no street cars, the population was widely scattered, the summer sun beat mercilessly upon the treeless prairies, the winter wind piled the snow in formidable mounds, while the rain flooded the unpaved streets and poorly drained sections till the western district became a swamp that bred pestilence and disease.

But wind or weather never interfered with Father McGuire's parochial duties. Every day his sick were visited. Once a month he said Mass in the Bridewell and administered the sacraments to the sick and dying criminals. During the awful winters when the small-pox raged, as it did almost yearly in that district, his sleigh sped over the ice and snow to the pest-house. Here he was surely father, physician and friend.

There were scenes in that old pest-house to appall the stout hearts of fearless men, but Father McGuire never shrank from any of the repulsive duties. He lifted the poor, stricken creatures from the floor and gently laid them on

the hard bed from which, in their delirium, they had fallen. He bent over the dying to catch confessions from fever-tainted lips, he anointed feet that were barely held to festering limbs.

In the Annals of the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M., Dubuque, Iowa, we find a page that gives an insight to Father McGuire's character and explains why the people of St. Pius' parish so loved and idolized him. "While only passing mention can here be made of the missions opened up to this time," it reads, "the gratitude of the Congregation requires us to speak of one in particular, or rather of its pastor, the Reverend Hugh McGuire.

"Our records contain an incident which must not be forgotten in speaking of the early days at St. Pius. The dreadful scourge of smallpox appeared there in 1883, and the children of one stricken family, not knowing the danger, concealed the fact and came to school. Sister Mary Alberic Tench, by her considerate kindness for her little charges, was exposed to the contagion. Fearing these poor children might suffer on their way from school, for the weather was very cold, she fastened their little coats and in this way contracted the disease which attacked her in a form most malignant

and dreadful. A strict quarantine was at once enforced. The school was immediately closed and Father McGuire spared no attention that could secure relief for Sister, but her case was hopeless. On February 22, 1883, Sister breathed forth her innocent soul. It was a happy death, lacking no spiritual ministration, no one of the helps which Holy Church provides for her departing children.

"The epidemic was widespread and alarming, and the city officials were especially vigilant to check it. As a measure of precaution the law required certain persons, usually negroes, to prepare for burial the bodies of those who died of this disease. But through the interposition of our noble friend, Father McGuire, what might have been inexpressibly sad, became a tribute of deepest respect and surpassing honor to our Sister, this faithful spouse of Christ. Her poor unsightly body was wrapped in its cerements and placed in the coffin by the anointed hands of a priest of God, by Father McGuire himself, whose fearless insistence upon the reverence due to one consecrated to God by Holy Vows, merits the grateful and lasting remembrance of our Congregation."

Father McGuire's first care at St. Pius was to open a school. With his rare fore-

sight he recognized, from the first, what ecclesiastics have since unanimously declared, that the growth of the Church in a missionary country, like America, is practically co-extensive with the growth of Catholic education. His was the first Catholic graded school in Chicago.

"In the summer of 1875," continues the Annals of the Sisters of Charity, "he obtained from Mother Clarke a band of Sisters to open his school with Sister Mary Angela Quigley as Superior. It is no easy matter for us to speak fittingly of the generous consideration, the countless acts of kindness, the unremitting care of this beloved pastor. God blessed his efforts; his church was the center of a vigorous Catholicity and his school was in every way a success. His wise foresight provided for future needs, and while the locality was little more than a prairie he chose the site of the present St. Pius Church and School, and purchased the property on Ashland Avenue on which the church, school and rectory now stand. The genuine worth of Father McGuire was appreciated by his ecclesiastical superiors as well as by the Sisters who were not surprised, although they were deeply grieved at their loss, when he was appointed to a more important parish, St. James'. This in its turn has profited

so largely by his wisdom, his piety and his energetic management of affairs that it is a model in all its appointments, ranking second to none in the United States."

For some time the Sisters who taught at St. Pius' came every day from their Convent in the Jesuit parish. This was one of the many hardships which they endured in those early days without murmuring. One afternoon, Father McGuire, going down town, availed himself of the rather slow locomotion of the omnibus, the immediate predecessor of the street car. To his surprise and horror there were his teachers swaying on the none too clean straw-covered floor, striving vainly to steady themselves as the springless omnibus jolted over hill and hollow of the unpaved street, their eyes filled with tobacco smoke, their ears assailed with the jokes of the men against whom every lurch of the omnibus threw them.

Then and there he resolved that these Sisters should have a house in St. Pius' parish, however simple poverty demanded it should be. Before many days a small cottage was rented near the school where many happy days were spent by these devoted, self-denying religious. For seven years Father McGuire thus toiled to build a school and church without the

help of an assistant. In 1881 Rev. P. J. Tinan and Rev. D. Lyons were sent to assist him, and when in 1883 he was appointed rector of St. James, they accompanied him.

The history of St. James' parish carries us back to the early history of the Catholic Church in Chicago, since it was the ninth church established in the city. Chicago had not celebrated her twenty-fifth birthday when Bishop O'Regan, the third Bishop of the diocese, appointed Rev. Thos. Kelly to organize the new parish of St. James'. At this time, there were some twenty families in the vicinity of Mercy Hospital located on Calumet Avenue and Twenty-sixth street, with no church for English speaking Catholics nearer to them than St. Mary's Cathedral, on Madison street and Wabash Avenue.

Father Kelly gathered together his little flock of about sixty souls and in the rickety frame structure in the yard of the Mercy Hospital ministered to their spiritual needs. The little low building was used by the Sisters as a sort of classroom for the few orphans under their care and on Sunday, the primitive, rough benches were pushed aside and the room made as inviting as loving hands could make it for the weekly visit of the King of Kings.

This was known as St. James' parish church until 1858, when these energetic, fervent families succeeded in erecting a frame church on Prairie Avenue and Twenty-seventh street at a cost of about $3,000. Father Kelly's charge extended to all the English speaking Catholics on the South Side, and during six years he attended faithfully to an Irish colony that settled and grew in Bridgeport, now St. Bridget's parish.

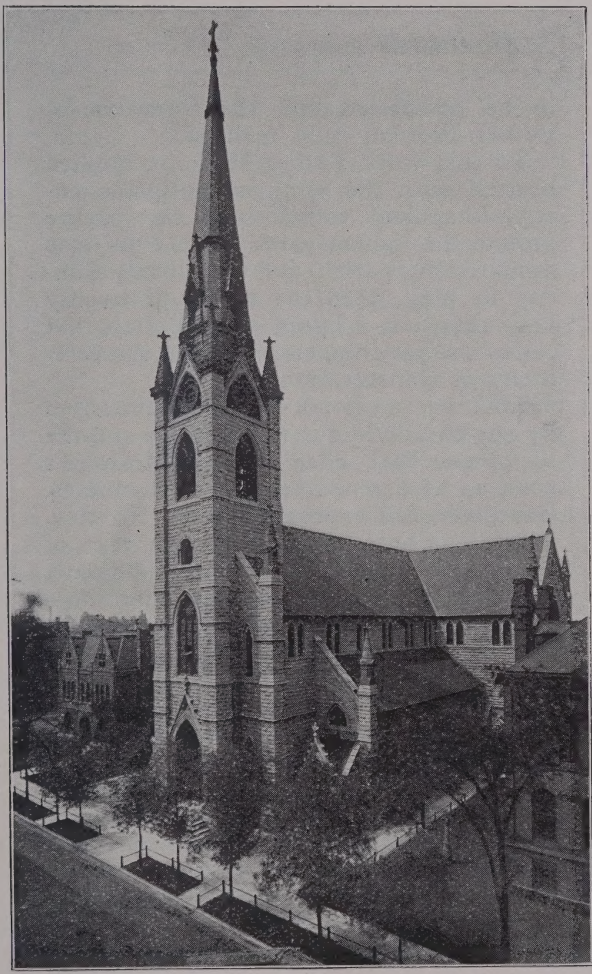
At the breaking out of the Civil War he was appointed chaplain to the 90th Illinois Infantry, organized by Rev. Dennis Dunne and known as the "Irish Brigade." While he was serving his country on the battlefield, his place at St. James was filled by Rev. Father Corrigan and Rev. Peter O'Dowd. In 1864 he returned from the war and resumed charge of his parish. The following year, worn out by the hardships of pioneer life as well as by the rigors of war, he died revered as a saint.

Rev. P. O'Dowd succeeded him but died the following year. Rev. P. J. Murphy then became pastor, but was succeeded by Rev. P. J. Conway in December 1866. During the pastorate of Rev. Fathers Murphy and Conway the church was enlarged and a rectory built. In 1871 Father Conway was transferred

to St. Patrick's and Rev. P. W. Riordan, who had been pastor at Woodstock, Ill., and afterwards of St. Mary's, Joliet, was appointed rector of St. James.

Chicago was growing rapidly at this time, and the sand dunes and brush of the South Side were being pushed back by brick and frame cottages even as far as Thirty-ninth street. Proximity to the Lake and to the business center of the city made the South Side a most desirable residential locality, and with this increase of population, the frame church on Prairie Avenue became overcrowded. To meet the demands of the time and to accommodate his large congregation Father Riordan decided to locate more centrally in his parish and the splendid spacious edifice on Wabash Avenue and Twenty-ninth street was the result.

This church which had cost about $75,000 was dedicated Sunday, May 24th, 1880. In 1883 Father Riordan was consecrated coadjutor bishop to Most Rev. J. S. Alemany of San Francisco and Rev. Hugh McGuire was given charge of St. James, October 13th of the same year. Here was a beautiful Gothic church, perfect as far as the work had progressed, but spire, turrets chimes, altars, altar-railing, stations, organ and pulpit must be added before the church could be said



ST. JAMES' CHURCH

to be completed and the intention of Father Riordan fully realized.

To this work Father McGuire applied himself with the same indefatigable energy that had transformed the prairie around the lumber-yards at St. Pius' into a flourishing parish, and on a lovely Sunday in May, 1895 the chime of twenty bells rang out a hymn of jubilation that called the parishioners to attend the ceremony of Consecration.

This was an honor hitherto unmerited by any church in our Archdiocese and the happiness that filled Father McGuire's soul, as he listened to the sweet chimes, was given full expression when Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty announced the text of his sermon; "Quid retribuam Domino, pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi?"— "What shall I render to the Lord for all that He has rendered to me?"

The white marble altars of chaste Gothic design, the altar-railing of delicately tinted onyx and fire-gilt bronze, the Stations of the Cross of exquisitely cut Munich stone and the magnificent stained glass windows in the sanctuary left nothing wanting, from chancel to organ loft to make St. James a model church in architecture and appointments.

Yet while Father McGuire was scrupulously exact in the care of everything

pertaining to the worship of God and always pleaded for the adornment of his bride, the church, when friends pressed him with personal gifts, the great work of his life was Catholic Education, in which, as was said last summer at the Convention of the Catholic Educational Association he was the pioneer.

"It was he," the reverend speaker said, "who gave us our first graded Catholic school, who lifted the name of parochial education from being the by-word it was and made it worthy an intelligent people. It was he who attempted the untried and hitherto dreaded field of High School education, to whom, in short, the people of Chicago owe the largest debt of gratitude for the inception of the plan, as well as for the perfection to which he demonstrated an individual pastor might carry the educational scheme."

Father McGuire held some very radical views on the subject of Catholic Education and held them so strongly, that he could not but sacrifice to them the best of himself, his time, his money, even his life. No one ever believed more fully in the influence of a religious atmosphere, where God is first, last, and always; in the power for good of a teacher who has vowed away all the permissible joys of life, to follow the Master who said: "Suf-

fer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not."

That the Church could teach and flourish in the freedom of the United States without parochial school or religious teacher he perfectly understood, for she had lived and flourished in the darkness of the Catacombs, despite the persecution of pagan emperors. That she would meet the difficulties of the age and ultimately possess the souls of men without her own school system, he did not doubt, for she was divinely established to teach all nations, and she had civilized the tribes of Northern Europe and checked the march of the Mussulmans by preaching Christ crucified and His resurrection from the dead.

At the same time he realized that if we are to preserve an intelligent Catholicity and an upright people in this country, secular and religious training must go hand in hand and the child must be taught in the class-room the law of God as well as the arts and sciences. He saw with the Bishops and Archbishops of the Council of Baltimore the dangers which threatened society and the difficulties which confronted the Church, and he believed with them that the only way to avert the former and to meet the latter was to establish a school system where

correct knowledge would be imparted to children and where their characters would be moulded according to the principles of the Decalogue.

To oppose the ideas of atheistic institutions, to escape the tone of mind of the unchristian world whilst living in an atmosphere of infidelity, the child must be taught from earliest infancy the doctrine of Jesus Christ, must be reared in a Catholic atmosphere, given correct principles, a true notion of life and the Catholic view-point on all mooted questions.

The Catholic school was not to be a mere Sunday school, nor its teachers mere catechetical instructors. Its founders intended it should be an institution where boys and girls would be taught to think rightly and to act correctly. They reasoned that as God is the beginning and end of man, as belief in Him is the source of man's responsibility and man's duty, to leave the child in ignorance of Him is to neglect the absolutely essential in education, to destroy the vital element in human character, to uproot the foundation of human conduct and pave the way for the ruin of the individual and of society.

They understood that knowledge alone does not make a man; that faith, hope, love, reverence, gentleness, obedience,

loyalty and purity are also essential elements to a good character, and that, consequently, the school to which the education of the child is entrusted should train and develop the moral virtues as well as the intellectual faculties.

Experience had taught them and has taught us since, that knowledge without religion, intelligence without conscience will not satisfy but will inevitably lead men to substitute impulse for reason, passion for morality, personal convenience and expediency for the law of God and human legislation.

Following that same line of reasoning and seeing around him the wreck of lives where religion and morality had been regarded as negative quantities, Father McGuire put forth all his efforts to save the children of his parish from the dangers which threatened, and to preserve them and their posterity to the Church in all the strength and beauty of an untarnished, unsullied faith.

He saw the spirit of worldliness supplant the spirit of Christ in the hearts of many; he saw intemperance, impiety and immorality run riot in society and mock the practice of the Christian virtues; he saw the influence of the home waning, the most sacred of God's laws disregarded, and he turned to the Catholic

INTERIOR OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH

school and to the Catholic nun to check the on-rush of infidelity and to be the saviors of civilization and Christianity.

Every one will now admit that the policy of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Council of Baltimore was far-sighted, if not indeed inspired, and that their remedy for the evil was the only correct and feasible one. But forty years ago the danger to Church and State was not so imminent nor appalling as it is today, and the Catholic school system was very imperfect, burdensome and unsatisfactory.

Some men failed to see the danger, some questioned the policy, and others quailed before the taxation which the system imposed, but Father McGuire looked to the wisdom of a Church with two thousand years' experience and joined his talents to the sacrifices which a generous Catholic people were ready to make for the faith of their children.

He saw from the beginning that the Church was right. He saw too, that the possibility for criticism, the fault of failure would lie, not in the policy but in the imperfection of the system, and hence he labored to make his schools the equals, if not the superiors, of the best in the State. This may seem an easy task today when we have large teaching communities from which to draw, when we

have schools fully equipped and when we have the results of past successes to which we proudly point; but then schools had to be built at a minimum cost and the co-operation of the people had to be gained solely through appeals to their loyalty to the Church.

How Father McGuire labored to surmount these difficulties, how he fought prejudice and withstood criticism, the clergy of the diocese and the people of St. James' parish bear willing testimony. For years he entertained the Catholic Educational Association at St. James; for years his school was a University Centre where more than a dozen courses in English Literature were given by some of the best professors of the University of Chicago.

Neither labor nor money were considered in perfecting his own school and in raising the standard of Catholic education in the city. As an editorial in one of the daily papers put it: "No work or anxiety or expense was too great for him to undertake where Catholic education was concerned. In this matter he wanted the best there was and he spared no expense to get it. It is as a Catholic educator that his memory will live, as an inspiration among the priests and people of Chicago. He was the pioneer in this great

work—way ahead of the times; he led, others followed."

Father McGuire's motto was, "The best or nothing." He desired that the children of his parish should be given in his schools an education equal to the best in the land. He declared that there was no aristocracy in education, that the poorest child should receive as thorough and efficient training as the wealthiest. He did not wish that any parent, rich or poor, should have cause to regret having sent his child to a Catholic school, nor any child, in later years to regret his Catholic training. Whatever expense these lofty ideals incurred he cheerfully met. No child of the wealthy would have cause to complain and no poor child would ever feel the shame of poverty or the pinch of hunger while in his schools. When necessary he clothed the poor that they might be able to sit unembarrassed beside the wealthy. He supplied them with books and often followed them after they were graduated until he saw them teaching or secure in some other good position.

Even last May when the little ones were preparing for First Communion he gave orders that the poor should be dressed so that there might be no marked distinction between them and

the rich. He did not wish that any little child should feel ashamed of his clothes on that day, and when his generosity was imposed upon for $150 as the balance of the day's expense, he merely praised the Sisters for their good taste in secular dress.

He detested castes and class distinction as unchristian. He judged only by industry and moral worth. The poor he loved and his charity to them was always rich. He educated them that they might be able to better themselves, that they might not feel the shame of ignorance in after life and that their minds and hearts might better appreciate the things of God.

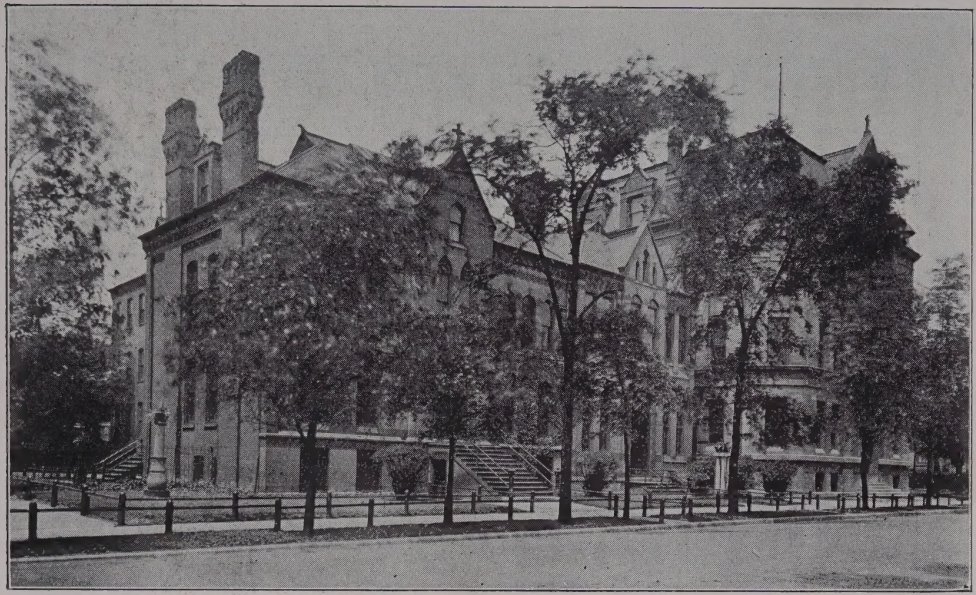
On August 28th, 1884, not quite a year after his appointment to St. James, he was ready to open the Grammar school which Father Riordan had built. On that eventful morning, hurrying out after his Mass, he was delighted to find about four hundred children ready to test the novelty of a Sisters' School. A beginning indeed, had been made with two class-rooms in the basement of the old church, but this was a real school with desks and teachers for every grade. In six years the membership of the school had more than doubled itself and the number of teachers increased from eight to fourteen.

In the decade preceding 1890 there was

a marked advance in secondary education in the City schools and Father McGuire saw that there must be a corresponding growth in this direction in the Catholic school system.

How secure it? The problem was not an easy one to solve. Strange as it may seem the intellectual standard for the High School in Chicago was much higher twenty years ago than it is today. Then there was no election of a few and, in many cases, unrelated studies. The diploma given in the Chicago High Schools called for a four years' classical course with eight natural sciences, four courses in higher mathematics, beside complete courses in history, English literature, music and art

How provide teachers, how secure libraries, how equip laboratories? Where find the money to do this work as thoroughly as it should be done? Was it too daring an experiment? Had any one tried it? Doubtless these questions deterred many from laying the foundation of a Catholic High School but Father McGuire, realizing its necessity, considered only the responsibility that rested upon him of supplying a higher education for the children of his parish. In September, 1890, the rectory, built by Father Riordan,



ST. JAMES' GRAMMER SCHOOLS

was remodeled and opened as a High School for girls.

Father McGuire continued to build, for his policy was to have a desk for every child in his parish. In 1897 the new High School, with its assembly hall, chapel, museum, chemical laboratory, ten music rooms and ten class-rooms was completed. There was now ample accommodation for all, from the tiny kindergartner to the High School senior.

From the very beginning St. James' High School was successful. It was one of the first in the field and has made educators recognize the work and worth of religious in higher education. The labor, money and anxiety which it cost to reach this perfection cannot be calculated. A weaker man or one less positive in his convictions would have succumbed.

The difficulties to be surmounted were many but he felt that the future of the Catholic High School was at stake. It was not enough to say that if women in secular garb could teach and control High School pupils, the nun in her religious habit with equal knowledge and power could do the same and do it better. That the gentleness, piety and culture of the Sister but added to her efficiency and strengthened her powers for the work of

higher education, must be proved by results that one could not gainsay.

It must be proved to Catholics and non-Catholics that knowledge and religion live and grow together and that separation from the world by voluntary vows broadens the mind instead of narrowing it and aids, rather than hinders, in the preparation of men and women for the battle of life.

Year after year the results of the examination for entrance to the Teachers' College showed 98 and 100 per cent of St. James' pupils passing with splendid averages. One year out of a total of five hundred taking these examinations one hundred passed, and of these thirty-seven were of a class of forty-five from St. James.

It was Father McGuire's policy to insist that all St. James graduates take these examinations. He felt the attempt to reach the standard set by the educational authorities of the city would require from the students a thoroughness and accuracy in the preparation of their work that would insure splendid results in after life. The work of education was so dear to him that he was always pleased to have his graduates choose teaching as their profession. He often recalled with pride that over four hundred graduates of

his High School were engaged in teaching in the Chicago schools.

The result of his labor and courage clearly demonstrated that the Catholic Sister, when given a fair opportunity and not handicapped too much by poverty, can surpass high salaried teachers and that her vows but add to her efficiency. Time and again have the superintendents of the Chicago public schools congratulated Father McGuire on the excellence of his pupils and the thoroughness of their work and every time they visited his schools, departed marvelling at the perfect, yet easy discipline maintained. Each year the enrollment increased until in 1906 it reached 1800 and called for the work of thirty-three Sisters, three music teachers, two lay teachers, an instructor in vocal music and dramatic art, and a special teacher for drawing and painting.

In 1902 the Business College was opened and in 1905 arrangements were made to admit boys to High School. Father McGuire was indefatigable in his efforts to render the work of the teachers as easy and effective as possible and continued adding to the equipment until every class-room had its own reference library, the Business College had nineteen type-writers and a telegraph apparatus, the Museum specimens to illus-

trate every natural science, and the music department fifteen pianos.

He never stinted, he never complained of bills for books, scientific apparatus or repairs. So well known was this, that last summer at the Convention of the Catholic Educational Association, when various, airy impracticable schemes were suggested for remedying deplorable deficiencies existing in some schools, one priest remarked in an undertone: "Were Father Hugh McGuire here, he would tell you that the one sure remedy for the failure is to go deep down into your pockets and give the Sisters wherewith to purchase books, apparatus and if necessary the means to employ good professors."

This was the crowning work of Father McGuire's life at St. James'. All his powers and energies were bent to its accomplishment. He gave himself unsparingly and unremittingly to the labor it entailed, and his teachers ever loyal and devoted to him as to their calling, caught the spirit of his zeal and enthusiasm and put forth all their strength to win honor for their school. His interest never flagged, his desire for advancement and further progress moulded the lives of teachers and pupils till the spirit of study hovered over all and brought the deserved success. To his teachers he was a kind

father always, watching over them with a tender solicitude. He cared for them, conserved their strength and at all times gave them the free use of his purse and property.

When in 1905 his physicians ordered him to rest, he purchased a cottage on the Fox River where he could spend a few days each week away from business and parish cares; but being more anxious for the health of his teachers than for his own, he added to it an adjoining tract of land, Five Islands Park. Its large pavilion he fitted and furnished as a summer home for them. He left nothing undone that he thought would be to their advantage. Seeing how this recreation benefited them and grateful too for their loyalty and fidelity to him, he bequeathed his Villa and the Convent on the Fox River to the Sisters of St. James' Schools to be used perpetually by them as a summer home and place of recreation. This Villa was all he possessed in worldly goods after twenty-eight years' pastorate of what was considered the wealthiest parish in the Archdiocese. The riches of which he always boasted were his teachers and schools. They were his pride. His happiest days were those that brought success to his graduates or that

ST. JAMES' COMMERCIAL COLLEGE AND PRIMARY SCHOOL

won honor and preferments for his schools.

From the primary grades to the Business College and High School he saw characters formed in the right mould and tempered in the right atmosphere; saw children taught by those whose dearest care was to fill their hearts with noble desires while they stored their minds with useful knowledge and he stood enraptured before the picture of true manhood and pure womanhood that passed before his vision. Here was the future of the Church and the security of the State, boys and girls fortified against the wickedness of the world by the armor of correct knowledge and true faith and his heart melted in gratitude to the kind Lord who had blessed his efforts and made him the instrument of such great and lasting good.

Longing

"If only I could say my Mass once more,
If only once draw Jesus from the skies,
And bend in adoration o'er the Bread
That gleaming white upon the corporal lies.
So many years was this my joy untold—
My chalice touched with dawn's first gleam
of gold."

Last Illness

DURING his first twenty-five years in the ministry, Father McGuire enjoyed perfect health. He labored hard and incessantly, but the abstemiousness of his life and the regularity of his habits counteracted the evil effects of his untiring labor.

In 1895 his physician, finding that this unremitting attention to duty was seriously undermining his health, ordered him to spend a few weeks in Karlsbad. The relaxation from business and the medicinal powers of the Springs told quickly and favorably upon his naturally strong constitution, and he returned to his parish renewed in strength and energy. Five summers, at various intervals and much against his will, he spent abroad.

After his last trip to Karlsbad in 1908, he was very much invigorated, but parish duty, especially during the Lenten season of that year, exhausted him. He was growing old without realizing it and the onerous duties which he had imposed upon himself through years of habit had so entered into his life that he could not relinquish them. Age was stealing away,

little by little, his powers of recuperation and adding, day by day, to the burden of work and responsibility.

As a young priest, his power of endurance was unlimited but the weight of sixty-two years, with all the cares and difficulties that had been crowded into them, had sapped his strength and slackened his pace. For eighteen years he had been fighting disease, living all that time on a strict diet, and now his indomitable will forced his tired body into labors that should be performed only by a young priest, subtle in mind and body and capable of bending to many different duties and a hundred different details in the same hour.

During the Lent of 1908, he labored as he did when a young assistant at St. John's, spending long hours in the confessional, as well as attending to all the regular routine of parish duties.

On Palm Sunday, he heaved a sigh of relief that his hard Lent was practically over. On Spy-Wednesday he was weak but nothing could dissuade him from going to the confessional as usual. During the procession on Holy Thursday he staggered with the first dizziness of his life. Good Friday and Holy Saturday found him completely exhausted and on Easter Sunday he was so prostrate that

his life was despaired of by all except his physician.

For weeks he lay between life and death whilst his friends, his parishioners and the school children fairly stormed Heaven with entreaties that God would spare a little longer a life so necessary, both actively in the work his zeal would accomplish, and passively in the edification his pure, noble life would give.

In the mild Spring days, the once vigorous constitution re-asserted itself and on Decoration Day he was able to journey to his home on the Fox River. As soon as he felt the first faint returnings of strength, his longing to say Mass grew intense. Each week he planned that Sunday should find him at the altar, and each week his physician deferred it a little longer.

Had Father McGuire been of a less intense, less ideal disposition he might have been permitted what he so vehemently pleaded for, but Dr. Murphy, his life-long friend, understood that permission to say Mass once granted, all the old strict regime would be resumed. He would never be content with one Mass a week, or Mass on the days he felt strong, or Mass said at an hour that would allow a long sleep.

Strict, unyielding adherence to a rigid

rule of life had become a second nature to him. He could not do things by halves; with him it was "All in all, or not at all." So the saying of Mass was forbidden for the present. Yet he continued to direct all the affairs of the parish. His visits to the school were as frequent as ever and his interest in the work as keen and intense as hitherto.

On September eighth, 1910, he suffered another slight shock that left him weak for many months. As the days passed on with no indication that he would be able to say Mass, he began to lose courage, often declaring: "Unless I can say Mass on my fortieth anniversary I know I shall never be able to say it." As the anniversary of his ordination drew near, the vehemence of his desire to offer up the Holy Sacrifice would not allow him to see any difficulty in its fulfillment, and hoping to gain strength for the great undertaking he went "into exile" as he expressed it, at Villa Maria, for two weeks preceding July ninth.

His friends feared the inevitable depression which would weigh upon him when he should realize that he had planned an impossibility, but contrary to all expectations, the frustration of his fondest hope, only brought to his lips the words which he repeated frequently dur-

ing these last sad years "Fiat voluntas Tua."

Out of his deep despair had arisen a new courage; he would journey to the Springs that had so often given him strength and return able to say Mass once more for his people. His yearning to say Mass grew more intense, his longing to break the Bread of Life for his people became more insistent and consuming, his spirit burned within him with a love and devotion that was still young, but the body lagged and bound down his spirit most piteously.

The faculties of the soul remained unchanged, his devotion to duty had not lessened, but the powers of his body had departed and the high unconquerable spirit was chained to faltering feet.

Diabetes and paralysis had torn down and were tearing down day by day the walls that held his spirit; neither his will power nor the skill of science could stop the destruction. To remain at home meant certain death before the end of summer; to journey to Karlsbad was extremely hazardous, but there lay his only hope.

His doctors knew the danger, his friends realized the risk; all feared the diabetic coma, yet hoped that the ocean, always so kind to him, would renew him in

strength and ward off this insidious enemy against whom he fought for eighteen years.

Never did he start upon this ocean trip with less foreboding. In fact he had laid plans and instructed his assistants regarding the work to be done during the following autumn and winter, when he expected to resume all his parochial work.

He left Chicago July thirtieth, 1911, accompanied by his nephew and his nurse. He spent three pleasant days with relatives in New York and on Thursday, August third, buoyed up with hope and friendly encouragement sailed for Hamburg.

The first few days on board brought wonderful improvement but the third day the dreaded coma crept over him. The ship's physician fought hard against the subtle disease and by Tuesday all danger seemed past, but his strength was spent. On the tender between Coxhaven and Hamburg, the nurse realizing that all human efforts were vain to save him told him that death was approaching rapidly. He lifted the crucifix to his lips, kissed it fervently and then calmly said: "You will bring me back to Calvary?"

Loving home as ardently as he did, realizing, as he must have, with what affection his people were awaiting his re-

turn, he never murmured that God had sent the dread summons under such desolate circumstances. He had meditated too deeply and too often on the life of Him who had moaned: "I have trodden the wine-press alone and of my people, there were none to visit me" to murmur at his loneliness.

He drained the chalice of bitterness which he had so often tasted, and his only request was that he should be laid in Calvary among those he loved and for whom he labored.

When he reached Hamburg he was unconscious, but regained consciousness a few hours later. The last Sacraments were administered and the Sisters of the Hospital remained in prayer by his bedside until he died.

On Sunday morning, August 13, 1911, whilst his people prayed that he might be spared them and praised and blessed his name, as the memory of his years among them lent feeling to their supplications, God called him to render an account of his stewardship and to receive the reward of his labors.

His remains were brought back on the same ship he had so hopefully boarded just two weeks before, and were placed before the altar at which he had ministered for twenty-eight years.

Day and night the children of the school and the people of the parish kept prayerful vigil by the casket of their departed friend and pastor.

On Tuesday a solemn Mass of requiem, a special service for the children and alumni of St. James' Schools, was celebrated. Pupils of the past and present filled the church and crowded to the Communion railing to receive the Saviour and Judge of men into their souls and there plead with Him for their pastor's eternal reward and repose.

Tuesday evening some thirty priests with Rt. Rev. Paul Rhode presiding recited the Office for the Dead. Wednesday morning, August thirtieth, at 9:30 the chanting of the Office began again and at ten o'clock the Solemn High Mass commenced with Archbishop Quigley officiating. The church was draped in heavy mourning: an awed silence rested on the congregation. Relatives, friends, parishioners knelt in prayer meditating on the presence of the God before whom all men must stand in judgment.

The greatness of the departed and the sorrow over his death could be read from the appearance of the church itself and from the countenances of those who congregated to assist at the obsequies. Bishops, priests, Sisters from far and near,

friends who knew him personally or who had studied him in his labors, members of St. James' parish with admirers from St. Pius' and St. John's gathered to do honor to his name, to testify to his sterling worth and to prove the high esteem in which they held his principles, his person and his character.

The most Reverend Archbishop James E. Quigley who always admired him and during his last illness treated him with such marked kindness and consideration, cancelled important engagements with high dignitaries of the church that he might be able to celebrate the Mass. Rt. Rev. Thos. Conaty, a fellow student at Montreal and intimate friend ever after, came all the way from Los Angeles to pronounce his eulogy. The friendship begun in the seminary grew and ripened with the years. They were more than brothers in brotherly attachment. On every special occasion at St. James, Bishop Conaty was the speaker and his words on this occasion came from a heart filled with emotion and stirred to the very depths in sorrow for the death of his friend.

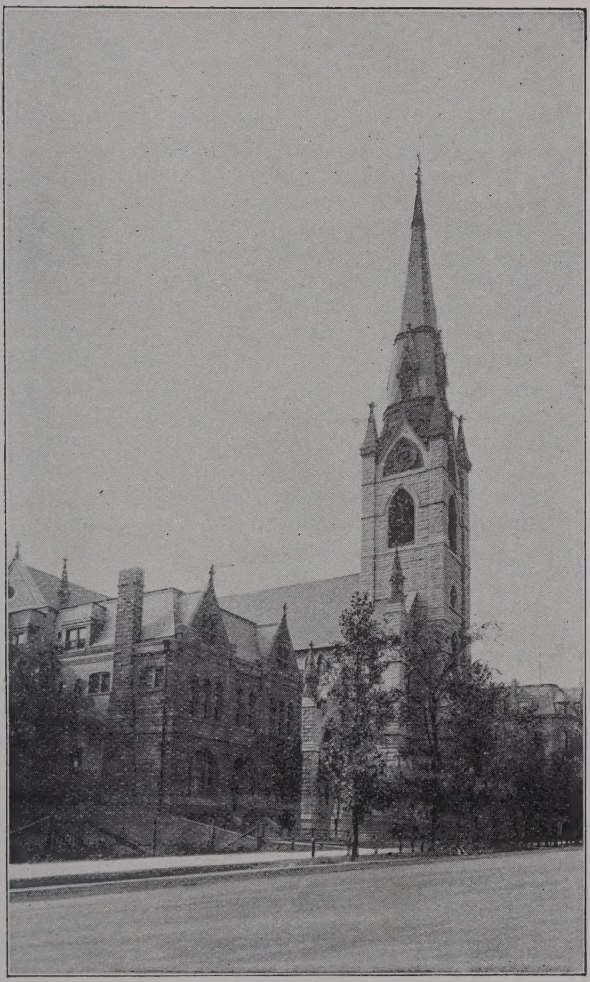
Rt. Rev. Edmund E. Dunne, of Peoria, whom Father McGuire always called his greatest and best parishioner, and in whose ability and promotion he took

a fatherly pride, pronounced the Absolution.

Rt. Rev. Maurice Burke of St. Joseph, Missouri, who labored with him in the ministry in Chicago and Rt. Rev. Hugh McSherry of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who knew him in his labors came to do honor to his name and to pay a last tribute of respect to his remains.

Priests of the Archdiocese and some from neighboring dioceses who knew him in the early days, Sisters from the Communities that taught for him, some, to whom he acted as extraordinary confessor and others to whom he had shown kindnesses in time of trial and trouble came to kneel by his casket and thus testify by their presence, to their admiration for his life and work, to their personal esteem for his priestly character as well as to their appreciation for the loss which his demise entailed for the city and for the archdiocese.

His remains were laid in Calvary, as he requested they should be, near the shores of the broad lake whose waves were softly sobbing his requiem while his brother priests chanted the verses of the Benedictus declaring that Christ was coming "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to direct our feet into the way of peace."



ST. JAMES' RECTORY
Built 1890

An Appreciation

DURING the forty years of Father McGuire's priestly life in Chicago, his tireless energy found occupation in building presbyteries, schools and churches. These will perpetuate his name and continue for many years the strong influence for good which he exercised during his life; but there was another house not built with hands which had the same solidity and beauty of structure as these material edifices and whose influence will be, doubtless, no less powerful in conducting souls to God.

To those who knew him intimately, Father McGuire seemed ever striving for the ideal, and following a rule of conduct that can be best described in the advice of St. Paul to his faithful priest Timothy: "Be thou vigilant, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill thy ministry. Be sober. Preach the word: be instant in season and out of season; reprove; entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine."

To those who knew him only in the fruits of his labors and in the influence which his name exercised in outer circles, he was the strong, fearless, faithful priest,

guileless in his manner and unselfish in his motives. To those who were near him he was simple as a child, witty, optimistic and youthful in the freshness of his mind to the very moment of his death. To the stranger, the sterner virtues of his priestly character seemed more in evidence and for different reasons elicited their admiration, their respect and their deepest reverence.

But to all, friend and stranger alike, he was always the priestly priest, with no desire save the service of his Master, with no thought save the good of souls, with no motive save extending the knowledge of our Faith and making the love of Christ rule the hearts of men.

He was a priest. His priesthood was his life. He stood before the world as a minister of God and a dispenser of the mysteries of Christ and his character seemed moulded and by nature fitted to fulfill that mission faithfully and faultlessly, as becomes a true servant of the Most High.

The sacrament of ordination does not put new qualities into the fibres of the soul nor does it give a dual existence to a man. It does not draw a line between manly virtues and priestly life but it elevates human nature, so that the natural

and the supernatural should be forever blended in his character and life.

"Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech" is a literal truth. In time and in eternity the sacrament of ordination signs him as sacred to the Most High, so that he must ever afterwards be considered a man of God and a man of the people..

As a student in Montreal he learned this fact and each succeeding year of his priesthood brought the realization of its truth home more clearly to him. The good Sulpician Fathers of the Grand Seminary taught him also as a corollary to this truth, that the priest's duty is first his own perfection, afterwards that of his neighbor; that after all it is only the overflow that reaches and affects one's neighbor.

With these ideas in mind and with the example of honest, unselfish and saintly directors before him, Father McGuire formed for himself a high ideal of the priesthood, saw, as it were, the priest whom he wished to emulate grow into life and walk among men unmoved by earthly considerations, devoted to the cause of religion, honest in his purpose, single in his aim, so that neither height nor might nor depth nor any other creature could swerve him from his mission

nor separate him from the love of Jesus Christ, his Lord and Master.

The passages found marked in the spiritual books which he used as a seminarian, his love for St. Paul, and the relish with which he read and reread the Acts of the Apostles, the esteem in which he held his saintly professors, who gave their lives to the education of priests, without hope of earthly consideration or even a return of gratitude, and the fact that he seriously considered joining the Sulpician community, when a student, show that his conception of the priestly character was very high, that his ideal would combine and blend the love of St. John, the firmness of St. Peter and the fiery zeal and enthusiasm of St. Paul.

To realize this ideal, to mould his character according to this exemplar, he studied, prayed and labored for four years as a student in Montreal and for forty years as a priest in the city of Chicago. As a seminarian, no rule was too hard for him, no duty too exacting. He was in training for the priesthood and the advice and the rule of his superiors were scrupulously followed and obeyed.

As a priest, duty was his watchword, the animating principle which governed every detail of his conduct. The law was always his guide, though he tempered it

with mercy. He was willing to lose all rather than sacrifice one iota of principle or duty, as he saw it. But if he was inexorable in declaring the law, he was unyielding in the unqualified obedience he gave to every letter of it. He practiced most religiously, what he preached so earnestly. The words of St. Paul to Timothy must have been ever before his mind: "Be thou an example of the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in chastity. Take heed to thyself and to doctrine; be earnest in them. For in doing this, thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

By nature Father McGuire was reserved, undemonstrative and sensitive to the last degree. His affections, like those of all pure souls, were deep and lasting; yet he was always shy of voicing them or of even allowing them to appear. He winced visibly under a sting and was too honest to be able to hide his suffering. He appreciated merited commendation when it pertained to his schools, yet he never sought it. He did not wish that any one should be influenced in his regard except through reason and judgment, and he had no ambition for distinction unless it evinced kindly feeling or favorable opinion.

In his tastes he was refined without ostentation as without pretension. Everything artistic and beautiful appealed to him. Paintings and music by the masters, good literature and beautiful scenery enraptured him.

His mental vision was as minute as it was comprehensive. No scheme was too large for him to attempt, no detail too small to merit his attention. Whilst his breadth of view occupied itself with large plans for the betterment of church and school, he was equally interested in the smallest details that contributed to the beauty and cleanliness of these buildings. Disorder or lack of absolute cleanliness was positively painful to him. He was content with little less than perfection in whatever occupied his attention.

His piety was deep and earnest but unobtrusive. The Blessed Sacrament, the Mother of God, the souls in Purgatory—in these were centered all the love of a devoted heart. His conception of the spiritual life was simple and yet attractive to all whom he directed. No involved nor elaborate system of spirituality appealed to him; he used neither fractions nor weights and measures in computing the love of souls for Christ, but would smilingly recall that it was the Divine Master of the spiritual life who had said:

"Unless you become as little children you cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

He loved to read the Scriptures, especially the Acts of the Apostles. This simple history of the Infant Church fascinated him. The New Testament and the Imitation of Christ were the two spiritual books which he always kept at hand. In making his annual retreat he took no others and when travelling they were his constant companions. He did not indeed discourage the reading of other spiritual books, in fact in his library of over three thousand volumes the work of no spiritual writer, ancient or modern was missing. Yet these, according to his views, were only to be "tasted;" that dictated by Our Lord and that written by the Flemish Monk were "to be chewed and digested."

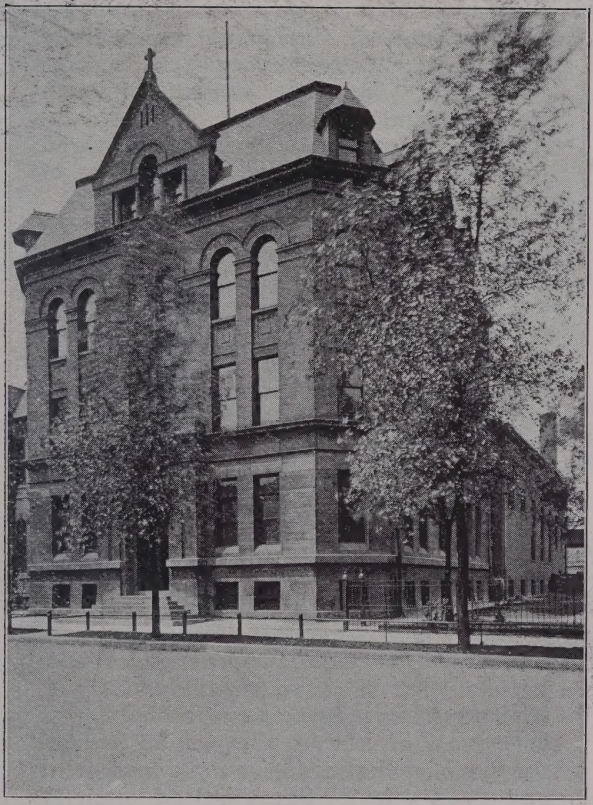
From the day he was ordained subdeacon until he was stricken with paralysis, a period of over forty years, he never failed to recite his office and to anticipate Matins and Lauds. For the first nineteen years of his priestly life he never omitted his daily Mass, and then only because he was ordered by his physicians to Karlsbad in order to check the first inroads of the disease which finally caused his death. Every day of his life

from the day he entered Montreal Seminary to the Sunday on which he lay dying and semi-conscious in the hospital at Hamburg, he recited the Rosary, adding, according to the Sulpician custom, an extra decade for the souls in Purgatory.

In the confessional he was the soul of mercy. In the pulpit, he was like the father of the family, who felt the responsibility of breaking bread for the children, or like the shepherd of the flock, who never failed to warn his sheep of dangerous by-paths and to guide them to new and rich pastures. In his preaching he never strove for rhetorical effect. He felt that when "the hungry sheep look up they should be fed" and that the food should be the Word of God. Devotional explanations of Our Lord's life and catechetical instructions were more to his liking than set oratorical sermons.

No one could ever accuse him of saying a word or doing a deed to win applause. Naturally modest and retiring, he seldom participated in affairs outside his own parish; this he felt was the field which the Master had entrusted to him for cultivation, and he toiled to make it yield a vintage worthy the Master of the vineyard.

He seemed to have no faults that could not be traced to his eager love of God's



ST. JAMES' HIGH SCHOOL AND ASSEMBLY HALL, BUILT 1896

cause or to his vigorous disdain of all that is mean and low. Independence, courage and integrity marked every act of his edifying life. He was a man of open character and plain speech. He held insincerity in utter detestation and judged the friendship gained at the sacrifice of self respect too dearly bought.

He was a positive man, one full of convictions and with the courage to utter them. Principle and not expediency was the norm of his action; the church and not himself the constant subject of his thoughts. There was no hypocrisy in his nature, there was no trimming in his policy, neither personal aggrandizement nor personal preferments were to his liking or his ambition. He was the type of the apostolic priest, with the courage of a divinely called leader and the nobility of a gentleman. In the words of St. Paul: "A workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth."

Learned, zealous, prudent and pious, with a keen sense of right and wrong, with unerring judgment and an independence born of honest purpose he had all the qualities that conspire to make a great and good priest. Some indeed, such as his marvellous executive ability and wonderful tenacity of purpose, stood out in

bold relief, but others of equal grandeur though less prominent, combined harmoniously to make him what he was, a priest in majesty and power, in sanctity and authority, before whom the people bowed in token of inward reverence and outward respect.

Father McGuire would be great and commanding in any walk of life. His nature combined those powers and qualities which must of necessity command men and win affection, and which in a priest must scourge the hypocrite and elicit the devotion of the truly repentant and the love of the innocent.

He was a priest of staunch manliness and stainless moral conduct. He was masterful and merciful, strong and gentle, kind and magnanimous, large minded and big-hearted; one whom we were ever proud to call our father and our pastor, one whose bearing was ever Christlike, one whose name stood for honor, for religion and unselfish devotion to the priestly calling and who fulfilled the charge of St. Paul to Titus: "In all things show thyself an example of good works, in doctrine, in integrity, in gravity, in the sound word that cannot be blamed; that he who is in the contrary part may be afraid, having no evil to say of us."

Fiat

His journey's done. Life's bark has touched
the shore.
The Master waits his faithful priest to greet.
On lips that quaffed deep Marah's surging tide
The Master's kiss is laid. Death's bitterness
is sweet.

What comfort 'twere to dwell on this, and yet—
Before tear-blinded eyes intrudes another
view—
Too swiftly towards the Fountainhead has set
The current of the truest soul earth knew.

Ah, many Springs will come and bring new life,
And June nights faint with fragrant roses'
breath—
His dreamless sleep breaks not. God's mas-
terpiece—
Cut low—rude stroke—thrice cruel scythe of
Death!

Sermon

By Rt. Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D. D.

Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles

"IN all his works he gave thanks to the Holy One and to the Most High with words of glory. With his whole heart he praised the Lord and loved God that made him"—Ecclesiasticus xlvii, 9-10.

Your Grace: Rt. Rev. Bishops, Rev. Fathers, Dear Brethren:

WITH these words the prophet Nathan chants the praise of King David who in all that he did sought not his own glory, but that of God and with a heart full of gratitude praised the Lord whom he loved for all that He had done through him. David himself exultingly sang "Blessed be the Lord, my God, who teacheth my hands to fight and my fingers to war, my mercy, my refuge, my support, my deliverer, my protector and I have hoped in him." "Not to us O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name give glory."

We have gathered today in sorrow and hope to mourn the loss of dearly beloved Father McGuire, an honored priest of this great archdiocese, your revered pastor and our dearest friend. Our hearts deeply feel the added grief of his death in a foreign land, away from the scenes of his life labor, but God knows best and blessed be His Holy will. Our consolation is the story of his beautiful death with all the blessing of the Sacraments he loved. In the spirit of the prophet we

gather to praise God for all that this priestly life has been to us, as we proclaim that, "With his whole heart he praised the Lord and loved God that made him."

The wholesome influence of this good life makes his memory dear to all and the works done by him speak eloquently of his priestly zeal and clearly proclaim him a great priest "who honored the vesture of holiness." In the sorrow which fills all hearts we may say of him as was said of Josias: "All Judea and Jerusalem mourn for him."

Rev. Hugh McGuire was born in County Sligo, Ireland, March 12, 1846, and made his early studies at the Diocesan College of Ballina in his native county. His pious parents cherished the hope, which lives in every Irish home, that God may bless it with vocations to the religious life. The missionary spirit which has made Ireland the nurse of priestly and religious vocations for the Church of God in every country and has made her an apostle to all the nations, touched this youth and he heard the call to the American mission and leaving parents and home, he generously followed it. He came to Chicago and after some years spent at St. Mary's of the Lake, he was sent by Bishop Duggan, in 1868, to Mon-

treal Seminary and after a successful course of theology he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Foley in the Cathedral in this city, July 9, 1871.

After two years with Father Waldron at St. John's Church, he was appointed pastor of St. Pius parish which he organized, building a church, a presbytery and school and endeared himself to that congregation.

Father Riordan, who built this church, was named in 1883 Archbishop of San Francisco and Father McGuire was appointed to succeed him. It was no easy matter to follow after one so beloved, whose pastorate was one of eminent distinction, whose name, then and since, has been a benediction wherever mentioned. Twenty-eight years in the crucible of pastoral duty has proved his right to the affection of all the people.

He began at once to perfect the work begun by Bishop Riordan. The towers, the consecration of the church, the marble altar and the new presbytery, the chimes and the High School, all his work, made St. James' Church and parish the pride of the archdiocese.

Failing health in later years, the result largely of too close attention to work called for a patience and resignation which indicated the priestlike character

of the man who battled for life because he had work yet to do but who generously accepted the will of God as its supreme love.

He died in Germany on his way to the Springs in which his physicians hoped for the strength that would lengthen a life so useful to the Church to which he had consecrated himself with an earnestness and devotion which honored his sacred vocation. One and only one motive dominated his trip abroad, that he might once more be able to say Holy Mass. God called his faithful servant for the reward for which he lived and in the hope of which he yielded his pure soul to the God who made him. It was God's will and it was his will. "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

How estimate the life of this good priest? The source of its greatness was in his priestly vocation and the graces with which God surrounded it and to which he generously corresponded.

His seminary life, during which our friendship began, gave the promise of the success with which God blessed his labors. He was recognized by all who knew him as an exemplary student, exact in the observance of rule, faithful to the minutest detail. He had the confidence of his superiors and the affection of his fel-

low students. He was a seminarian of scrupulous exactness to duty, a student of more than ordinary ability, a worker whose sole ambition was to equip himself in priestly virtue and scholarship for all the demands of active church life in this diocese.

How well the promise has been fulfilled, his fruitful labors among you give evidence more than words of mine. His presence was an influence for good, his life was spent that the people might be led to know and love their holy religion and his example more than his precept led the people into holiness of life. The regularity of the seminarist has been the regularity of the priest. The habits formed in the seminary have been the habits among you. Love of prayer and meditation, fidelity to daily Mass and to the Holy Office, a tender devotion to the Mother of God, which found expression in his rigorous fidelity to the daily beads, his inflexible regularity to weekly confession and annual retreat, his intense love for the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Communion of the people, and in later years, the training of the little children for this wonderful gift of a good God, his devotion to the confessional, even in his declining health, his scrupulous attention to the altar, the sacristy and the church,

his punctuality, his devotion to his parish and its duties, his love for the dignities of the ceremonies, his loyalty to his superiors, his dislike for all new fangled ideas of doctrine, his obedience to the Holy Father and Mother Church in all its teachings.

That he was called to be a priest of God, a spectacle to the world, to the angels and men, God's coadjutor ordained to promote the interests of God, a minister of reconciliation to offer sacrifice for the people, an ambassador of Christ, a preacher of the Word, a dispenser of the Sacraments, had so burned into his very soul that the fervor of his seminary days grew more ardent with the years of his priesthood.

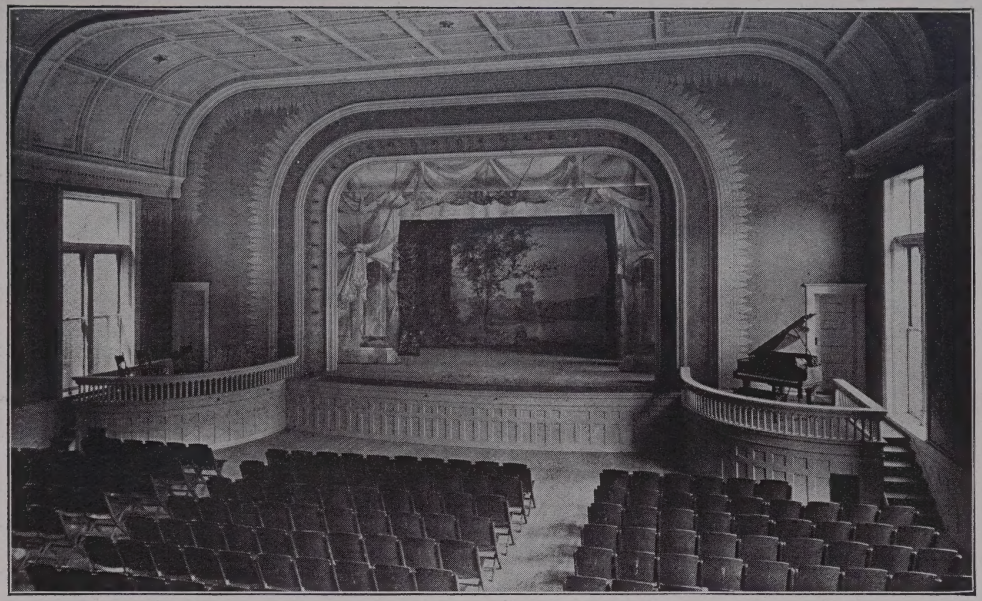
This explains his zeal for the Kingdom of God, his ceaseless labor, his devotion to his people, his fidelity to all the requirements of his priestly vocation. .He loved his work and never tired in well doing. These were the characteristics of this faithful pastor of souls—this pious priest of God. How could such a life be barren of spiritual results! No wonder the people crowded confessional and altar and filled the pastor's soul with the spirit of gratitude to God, who had so abundantly blessed his labors. In all his successes his constant prayer was "Not to

us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name be glory."

Father McGuire never sought publicity and was essentially a parochial man. The limits of his parish centered all his interest. He loved his home, his church, his people. His priestly zeal had its strongest public expression in his school work. His name will live as one of the successful pioneers in the cause of Catholic education in Chicago and the West. He had well defined and intelligent ideas upon the necessity of the Catholic school as essential not only to our Catholic growth but also as needed to keep alive the principles of the Christianity which our country needs.

He faced that serious problem with the courage which has characterized his life, and by his efforts he has succeeded in reaching the only solution which can save. As pastor of St. Pius he did marvelous work in education and was the pioneer there in graded Catholic schools.

St. James' School stands as a noble monument of the faith, energy and perserverance of this great priest and here he became the pioneer of high school development in the Catholic system of education. He recognized the need of the high school and when men were discouraged at its difficulties and hesitated, he



ST. JAMES' ASSEMBLY HALL

began the work and showed how it could be done.

Those who have followed his example know what it cost for him to make the effort. The people often have but the faintest idea of what that work demands in faith, patience, and energy. Twenty years ago it meant heroism, almost the working of a miracle. Under the authority of his archbishop he began preparations with his teachers and with his motto, "The best or nothing," he blazed the way and all who love Catholic higher education joyfully pray "God bless you." The ability of nuns to teach high school or college courses was never questioned by him if they had the chance of preparation. He believed that knowledge and sanctity can go hand and hand together, that one may be deeply religious and deeply intellectual, and the Church honors among its saints religious women who are recognized among the world's best scholars. He determined to make the experiment and the St. James' High School of 1890, with twenty-five pupils, lives to rejoice in 300. Its examination record for twenty-one years in the Normal School of Chicago holds honor marks, not only the pride of the city Catholic school system but also the pride of the city schools of Chicago.

In this moment of sorrow our sympathy must go to the children of this school and to the devoted nuns whose lives have been so closely intertwined with a pastor's love and devotion to the education of the people. The life of a priest in our busy American life is full of marvelous possibilities and tremendous responsibilities. In the divine scheme of salvation, the priest is a part of the life of the people, doing among them and for them the work of Christ, and upon him depends much of the success of the Church. He is respected for his personal worth, for his sacrificial and sacramental character and the influence he may yield in the community cannot be measured. He has a message from God to deliver, the Gospel of Christ to preach, his sacraments to deliver. He is God's ambassador, necessary in the providence of God, as a mediator between God and men. He is not only a worker for goodness of life but a divinely appointed agent to aid men to that goodness. He is the defender of the home, the instructor of the child, the father of the poor, the consoler of the sick and afflicted, the strong man to guard the city of God. Our country, as well as our Church needs him, and if he be faithful to his priestly character he will be recognized as a bulwark against

the evils that threaten us. There comes to the priest also the responsibility of organization which makes him master of the parish, its executive head, the one to plan its development, to worry and fret for finances, to bear the burden of its ability to do God's work among the people. The joys and sorrows, the successes and defeats of his parishioners are all his, for he must teach, rebuke, entreat; he must save sinners, encourage the just, defend the truth, condemn falsehood; be the valiant soldier of Christ restoring all to Christ. The success of our Church in our country is largely dependent upon the untiring energy, the indomitable zeal, the unflinching loyalty to duty of that band of priests, slaves to duty, the servants of the people, who live for God and die in His service. The names of our pioneer priests whose lives were one constant sacrifice, who endured privations and sufferings, who had little of the comfort of home, but were ready, like true apostles, to give up all things and follow Christ, are our sweetest inheritance. Their souls are with God.

The life of the priest has its hardships and its contradictions, often many and bitter, but the compensation is in the sense of responsibility to his divine vocation and the love and fidelity of a de-

voted congregation. The world outside the Church wonders at the love of the people for the priest and his devotion to them, because it does not understand the supernatural bond which binds the priest and people, because it does not understand the priestly vocation or the graces which led him to success.

The world does not understand the priest because it does not understand Christ and his kingdom for the salvation of souls through the ministry of men. The spiritual is not an asset in the material mart, and men cling to the kingdom of sense rather than to that of the soul. Time and not eternity, the body and not the soul, sin and not grace, are the prevailing influences of the life about it. The priest stands in that world—and is not of it—his maxims are at variance with it. He is a man of eternity; the ambassador of the Redeeming Christ—the dispenser of eternal mysteries—the man of God—the teacher of His truths—the priest of His sacrifice—whose life is a cross, the man of God, and the man of the people; the good samaritan, the faithful shepherd who stands for the lives of the people that he may bring all to the one true fold.

Is it a wonder, people of St. James', that when you knew that truth and rec-

ognized it in your pastor, that you felt that he was a father, a guide, a teacher and a friend? People of St. James' parish, you, better than I, can testify to Father McGuire's fidelity to God and to you in the many years of a happy and successful pastorate among you.

You knew him in those intimate relations of pastor and people, and in your heart-breaking sorrow of to-day you recall what a blessing his noble life has been to the community, in which, as a priest and citizen he has fearlessly, faithfully and faultlessly passed forty years of a noble and honorable priesthood. He loved his God and his country and in this moment all hearts mourn for him. In this parish his memory, like that of Josiah, "will be sweet as honey in every mouth and as music at a banquet of wine." Your heart's love is the best evidence of his worth among you. It is too sacred to further touch upon your sorrow, and I would not offend his memory and your sorrow by further appealing to what he has been to you all during his twenty-eight years of pastorate. He was indeed your "Soggarth Aroon." There is no greater blessing to a people than that of a good priest.

For over forty years as seminarian and priest we have been close friends. I

knew and loved him for his nobility of character, his sincerity of purpose, and his manly nature which never did wilful wrong. I knew him as a priest whose example was an inspiration and a comfort, a great noble-hearted man, every inch a priest and a gentleman.

He had his faults, and who is without them—he was a man—but, O God, how little they seem when weighed in the scales with his fidelity to duty and responsibility to his vocation. Praise is vain indeed, but we need to tell his life to gain inspiration from his work well done and thus obtain encouragement for the battle in which we are struggling.

"Let us praise men of renown," says the Scripture, "men rich in virtue, men of mercy whose goodly deeds have not failed. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." What is our duty now to this life? Were Father McGuire to speak to us, he would ask us to cease our praise and pray for him. Our love will prompt us to daily remembrance in the Holy Mass, the Holy Communion, the beads and the prayers of the Church which have merit for his soul. He would say to us, "Have mercy on me, at least you, my friends. Pray for me." Every day of his life, even in his last day, he never failed

in the extra decade for the holy souls. It was his seminary rule. They will not forget him now. The priests, the people, and especially you people of St. James' whom he loved and for whom he spent his life, never forget him in your prayers. He prayed for you; pray for him now; the priestly life has tremendous responsibilities but they were undertaken for you. Pray for him—never forget him. My sympathy to his sorrowing relatives who mourn a loving uncle, to the Archbishop who lost a good priest, to the priests who have lost an exemplary associate, to the people who have lost a great and good pastor and to the city which has lost a worthy citizen.

Friend of a lifetime, joy and inspiration to my life, may you be with God whom you loved and served. May that Blessed Mother of God to whom every day you offered your tribute of love in the beads, plead with the Divine Lord of Eucharist whom you adored and whom you lived to make known and loved, to receive you as a well-beloved pastor of his flock and greet you as his faithful servant. Blessed Mother of God whom he loved, pray for him; Holy souls for whom he never failed to pray, remember him. O Lord, grant eternal rest to his noble soul and may perpetual light shine upon him.

ST. JAMES' CHEMICAL LABORATORY

Excerpts from the Press

"America," New York

Old-timers in Chicago, who recall the "prairie" days of that city, mourn the death of Rev. Hugh McGuire, in the early 70's a courageous and generous worker in the building up of the Church's influence in the growing West Side district, and later, for twenty-eight years, irremovable rector at the great St. James' Church on the South Side.

Father McGuire was born in County Sligo, Ireland, sixty-five years ago. He there made his classical studies at the diocesan college of Ballina, and when yet a young man emigrated to America. He took up his ecclesiastical studies in the now little remembered Chicago Seminary of St. Mary's-of-the-Lake, and, when that institution was closed, he continued and completed them at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, Canada.

Ordained forty years ago, Father McGuire's first appointment was to St. John's Church in Chicago, in which city his priestly career ran on to the end. Two short years of service as curate with Father John Waldon proved his worth and capacity, and Bishop Foley selected

him to organize the parish of St. Pius on the West Side. The projected parish, now the heart of the most congested part of the Western metropolis, was then a straggling prairie district, served by the Jesuit Fathers of the Holy Family, in those days reckoned the most extensive regular parish in the world. In this field the intense earnestness and seriousness of mind, the inflexible and indomitable will and the unflagging and unwearying industry of the young priest speedily wrought wonders.

Twelve years later he became irremovable rector of St. James', which parish, during his administration, came to be recognized as the leading Catholic community of the wealthy South Side district in Chicago. Here Father McGuire won his reputation as an earnest friend of Catholic Education. The excellently equipped St. James' High School, which he founded and largely maintained, will be his best monument in Catholic Education.

Father McGuire suffered a stroke of paralysis a little over a year ago, from which he never fully recovered. Since that attack he had not been able to say Mass, but his physicians and friends, be-

lieving that with care his strong constitution would favor a recovery, persuaded him to take a trip to Carlsbad, in Germany, for the recuperation of his shattered strength. God ordained otherwise. He died Sunday morning, August 13, at Hamburg, where he was forced to stop on account of a severe attack of illness which he suffered on shipboard while crossing the ocean.

The Western Watchman, St. Louis

Word reached us Sunday night that Father Hugh McGuire of St. James' Church, Chicago, had just died in Hamburg, Germany. This priest was a man of extraordinary executive ability and wonderful foresight, two qualities that enabled him to build up the grandest parish in the United States. He was the pioneer of free Catholic higher education, and his church and schools are the wonder of the land.

We never knew a priest who came nearer the model and of whom it could be with more truth said that he tried to do his best all the time. His memory is an inspiration to his brethren in the ministry everywhere.

Sunday Edition of the Western Watchman, St. Louis

When the death of Father McGuire was announced to the people of St. James' Church, Chicago, it was said that there would be a Solemn Mass for the repose of his soul on Thursday, the 17th. The people filled the spacious edifice, one of the largest in Chicago, and nearly everyone in the church went to Holy Communion for the dead priest. It was an edifying and most Catholic tribute to one of the noblest clergymen the American Church has ever produced.

A Diocesan Magazine

The last of August a learned and devoted priest of the Archdiocese, Father Hugh McGuire, was called to his eternal reward. His monument is the complete parish equipment he left to the people of St. James'. Noted from one end of the country to the other as one of the leaders in the movement for true Christian education, his absence will be felt, but his efforts shall ever be an incentive to those following the paths he trod.

The Western Watchman

Five bishops took part in the obsequies of the late Father Hugh McGuire. Archbishop Quigley pontificated, Bishop Dunne of Peoria performed the absolutions. Bishop Conaty came all the way from the Pacific coast to pronounce the eulogy of the deceased. Bishop Burke of St. Joseph and Bishop McSherry of South Africa came to pay their respects to the honored dead. There never was so grand a funeral of a priest in Chicago; and the dead ecclesiastic was a man who ever shunned notoriety and lived among and for his people. True and conspicuous worth is not always so splendidly recognized either in Church or State.

The Chicago Citizen

Priest and Educator at Rest.

In the death of Father Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James' Church, this city, the diocese of Chicago has lost one of its most distinguished priests. Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles, who preached the funeral sermon, said he knew him in the seminary forty-two years ago as a "model student," and the priests and people of this city could say that since the days of his ordination they knew him to be a

model priest. He had an exalted idea of the dignity of the priesthood, and his life's aim was to measure up to the high ideals he set before himself. This led some to misjudge the man and consider him proud, but those who knew him best knew him just the opposite—a most humble man—kind and hospitable to his intimate friends and ever ready to reach a helping hand to the deserving poor, as evidenced in his giving free education to the children of the needy. His greatest delight was to educate and elevate the children of the poor so as to give them an opportunity of competing in the battle for a livelihood with the more fortunate ones. It was in this matter of Catholic education that Father McGuire excelled. No work, anxiety nor expense was too great for him to undertake where Catholic education was concerned. In this matter he wanted the best there was, and he spared no expense to get it. It was as a Catholic educator that his memory will live, as an inspiration among the priests and people of Chicago. He was the pioneer of this great work, far ahead of the times; he led, others followed. The graduates of his high school led their classes in the public normal school as they lead their profession among the public school teachers of this city. As an

Irishman, he was ardent in his love of his native land and her people, and no just cause of hers appealed to him in vain. He was a great admirer and supporter of the late Colonel Finerty. His place as a priest and schoolman cannot be filled—there was but one Father McGuire.

The Tidings, Los Angeles

Death of Rev. Hugh McGuire.

News has reached us of the death of Rev. Hugh McGuire, P. R., late pastor of St. James' Church, Chicago. He was called to his reward Sunday, August 13th, after a long and useful life in the priesthood of his Church. Father McGuire has long been recognized as one of the leading clergymen of the Archdiocese of Chicago. He was a man whose life was marked with strong faith, tender piety, and an ability, the evidences of which are seen on all sides in the splendid parish organization which he has established and maintained. Father McGuire was a prince among men and withal he had the simplicity of a child. He was a father to the people, a leader in the priesthood. The passion of his life was devotion to his priestly character and to all the duties

of a priestly life, faithful to the minutest details in all that related to the spiritual welfare of his people, prompt in action, punctual to the slightest detail. The splendid spiritual condition of his parish was recognized by all who knew it, and all readily concede that the strong hand of a devoted shepherd protected and guided the sheepfold.

If Father McGuire had one passion more than another ruling his life, it was that which found its satisfaction in the upbuilding and maintaining of the religious education of his children. It is no exaggeration to say, and those familiar with the subject readily concede the truth of the statement, that St. James' school in Chicago ranks among the highest, if not the very highest itself, of all our schools. From the kindergarten to the college every opportunity for school development has been given to the 1800 children whose names are upon the rolls of St. James' school.

The upbuilding of the teaching corps found its inspiration and encouragement in the determination of Father McGuire that there should be no weakness whatever in any part of his school system, that nothing but the best would be tolerated, and no efforts were spared to make the school a model one. Close friends

of the dead priest know well that the great love of his heart was for his school, its teachers and its pupils. Fervent prayer and unlimited generosity of service marked his daily life in relation to his school and he had one satisfaction, which gave him constant pleasure, that he was doing his best for the religious instruction of his children, and no parent ever rejoiced more over the success of the children's work than he did every year over the results of his examinations which placed his school in the front ranks of all the schools of his city. Even in his hours of illness his thoughts were with his school and his people.

Father McGuire was a true priest of God. His life has been in perfect keeping with the faith which led him to the altar, and was without stain, and his work brought renown to him and to the diocese of which he was a distinguished member. Catholic education has lost by his death one of its very strongest advocates. The Catholic Church has lost an earnest and devoted defender; the priesthood one of its ornaments. The people of St. James' parish have lost a good shepherd, but the loss to the children of St. James' school and to the Sisters who have labored with him in his school work, is the greatest loss of all; they have lost

a beloved father. Those who have known him longest and best will feel his death most because no one who knew him failed to respect and love him. A true friend has gone from us. God rest his soul.

Expressions of Sympathy

Catholic University of America

Washington, D. C.
September 2, 1911.

My Dear Father Henry:

I regret very much that I could not be present at Father McGuire's funeral, to pay my respects to a priest who was always a true priest and who did so much for religion and Catholic education in Chicago. I offer you and Father P. J. McGuire my very sincere sympathy.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN F. FENLON.

The Apostolic Mission House

Washington, Brookland Station, D. C.
August 14, 1911.

My Dear Father Henry:

Your telegram came to me this morning like a bolt out of the blue, and the news of Father McGuire's death, is a great grief to me. Father McGuire, in his day, was one of the best priests I ever knew, correct in his life, high in his standards of priestly virtue, eager and forceful to attain them, and highly solicitous for the best interests of the Church partic-

ularly along educational lines. He has done a great work, and the merit of his work will follow him. It is thirty years now, since I first met him, and he has ever been the same consistent, devoted, priestly man, a hard-fibred man, and a driver, one who has deserved well of his day and generation. May God rest his soul!

Sincerely yours,
A. R. DOYLE, C. S. P.

Church of St. Paul the Apostle,
Paulist Fathers

415 West Fifty-ninth Street.
New York, Aug. 16, 1911.

Rev. Henry McGuire,
Dear Reverend Father:

I write to offer you my tribute of praise for the late Father McGuire, of whose death I learned yesterday. May he rest in peace. Amen.

In years now long past I labored as a missionary under his supervision and that repeatedly. I never knew a more zealous priest, nor one more enlightened about the sorest needs of his people and the way to meet them. I loved him deeply, and I revere his memory.

My first mission with him was in 1873, and it began with the blessing of old St.

Pius Church by Bishop Thos. Foley, and the formal installation of Father McGuire as pastor. It was his first parish, and the church was a wooden structure at Paulina and Eighteenth streets. From that on for many years I was with him at pretty close intervals, in both his first parish and in St. James. How true a priest he was! How daring a battler for God's best cause, Christian Education, how faithful a friend, I had better say father, of the poor. And meantime and always he was devoted to our Lord on the altar with entire absorption of spirit: veritably a model pastor of souls.

Will you kindly tell his relatives of this letter, and assure them that my words express the minds of the many Paulists who assisted at missions in his parishes.

Ever faithfully yours in our Lord,
WALTER ELLIOT, C. S. P.

St. Ambrose Church Rectory

609 High Street.
Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 29, 1911.

Rev. Henry W. McGuire,
St. James Church, Chicago.

My Dear Father McGuire:

The death of Very Rev. Father Hugh McGuire was a sad surprise and shock to me. In his death I have lost a very dear

and near friend. I assure you I deplore his departure. I regret exceedingly I cannot attend his funeral services tomorrow.

I shall celebrate Mass for him tomorrow morning and shall remember him in my prayers for years to come. He was a noble and devoted priest, who accomplished a great work in his day for religion and education.

With kindest regards and the expression of my profound sympathy, I remain,

Yours truly,

M. FLAVIN.

Holy Angels' Church

607 Oakwood Boulevard.
Chicago, Illinois.

Rev. Henry McGuire,

My Dear Friend:

I am very sorry to say that I shall not be able to be at the funeral of your uncle, Rev. Hugh McGuire on Wednesday next. I am leaving the city Monday evening on a matter which I cannot postpone. I greatly regret your uncle's death. He was one of our greatest priests, and in educational work was a leader among us. His noble example in this regard will be a stimulus to us for years to come, as it

has been for many years past. Personally he was always most friendly to me, even as a young priest, and took an interest in my welfare, and I feel a real sorrow for his death.

I extend to you and to his relatives my sincere sympathy.

Very truly yours,

✠ A. J. McGAVICK.

Bishop's House

Helena, Montana.

Aug. 31, 1911.

Rev. Henry McGuire,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Father McGuire:

I received your invitation to the funeral of your uncle, Rev. Hugh McGuire, too late to make it possible for me to reach Chicago in time. You have my sympathy and prayers in your great bereavement.

Father McGuire is a great loss to the Church, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. He stood for that which makes the American Church strong and gives us hope of its future greater growth and permanency, our system of education. To all our teachers, whether in school, college, or university, he was a source of encouragement and inspiration. He will have their prayers and

those of thousands of our Catholic school children. May he soon receive the reward of his noble labors,

Very sincerely yours,
✠ JOHN P. CARROLL.

Archbishop's House

St. Louis, Aug. 16, 1911.

Reverend Henry McGuire,
2942 Wabash Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Reverend Dear Father:

I received your dispatch notifying me of the death of Father Hugh McGuire, the venerable pastor of St. James.

I wish to offer to you my regret because of the going out of one so worthy and so justly esteemed by all. As a parish priest, and as an educator his place is unique in the church of the west.

Sincerely yours,
✠ JOHN J. GLENNON.

St. Paul, Aug. 28, 1911.

Rev. Dear Father:

I thank you very much for your favor in notifying me of the time of the funeral of Rev. Hugh McGuire. It is not possible for me to be in Chicago on the day of the funeral.

I wish, however, to say that I am deep-

ly grieved over the death of good Father McGuire—one of the best priests and most exemplary pastors that I have known in America. I pray God for the repose of his soul.

Very sincerely,
✠ JOHN IRELAND.

Office of the Archbishop

1100 Franklin Street.
San Francisco, California.
August 16, 1911.

Rev. Henry McGuire,
2942 Wabash Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Father McGuire:

It was with great regret I learned from your telegram received yesterday of the death of your esteemed uncle, Father McGuire. I knew him from the day of his ordination and I always knew him to be a most zealous, devoted and pious priest when he acted as assistant to Father Waldron of St. John's, afterwards founder and parish rector of St. Pius, on the West Side, and later as my successor as pastor of St. James on Wabash avenue. He was a man who lived entirely for the performance of his duty, and spent himself for all the years of his priesthood in building up the Kingdom of our Divine

Master in the souls of people committed to his care. His great interest in Christian education and his great success in that noble work will keep his memory vivid for many years to come. It is a sad thing indeed that he should have died away from home, but God's ways are not our ways, and He knows best what to do with us. I shall not forget him in Holy Mass. He was a pastor in the highest and best sense of the word and in every way a model priest. May God have mercy on him. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

✠ P. W. RIORDAN.